Supernatural; Castiel/Crowley; eggs, nesting, and other things that will drive you to drink.

PG, crack, pure crack, and baby blue Cas eggs.

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Dean is already drinking, Sam's avoiding them all, and Crowley thinks it's adorable, the way Castiel has built a nest on Dean's motel bed out of coats and bags and spare things.

He thinks it's adorable, that is, up until Castiel presents one bright blue egg to him and tells him that it's *his*.

Moments after the egg is in his hands he begins to tense and Castiel rescues it, quickly spiriting it back into the nest and warming it.

(Crowley thinks Castiel's cooing and that's the scariest thing ever, not even angry sex with a Castiel who would smite him is scarier.)

"Castiel," Crowley has to ask, after a few beers (desperate times call for beer), "Are you absolutely certain we're not going to get some archangels down here smiting us for what we're bringing into the world?"